

Santa Claus FUNNIES

10¢

FINE COLOR COMIC
No. 61

A DELL BOOK
DELL



WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



O Christmas Tree



O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!
In summer sun or winter snow,
A dress of green you always show.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How lovely are your branches!



O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How fragrant are your branches!
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
How fragrant are your branches!
When decked with candles once a year
You fill our hearts with Yuletide cheer.
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,
With happiness we greet you!



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How Santa GOT HIS Red Suit



Many, many centuries ago Santa Claus was just as kindly and generous as he is today—but—there was one big difference.

He didn't wear a red suit!

He wore yellow cloaks or purple, black waistcoats or white, green trousers sometimes, other times blue. In fact, he wore whatever suited his fancy. Santa was very proud of his many gay costumes.



THEN ONE CHRISTMAS EVE SANTA DRESSED IN AN ORANGE CAPE, A GREEN JACKET AND YELLOW TROUSERS. HE WORE A RED CAP AND HIS BOOTS WERE A SHINY BLACK. ALL THE GNOMES, HIS HELPERS, THOUGHT HE LOOKED VERY BEAUTIFUL.



SOON SANTA'S WORK WAS NEARLY DONE. HIS FIRST STOP WAS THE FOREST OF ST. NICHOLAS.



FINALLY HE SLID DOWN A ROPE TO FIND A LIKELY SPOT



AND WATCHING HIM WAS MISCHIEVOUS JACK FROST



JACK LEAPED TO THE ABANDONED SLEIGH AND WHIPPED UP THE TEAM

JACK FROST! COME BACK WITH MY SLEIGH! MY BAG OF TOYS AND GIFTS IS IN IT!

HO, HO! GOODBYE SANTA! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE THIS TEAM!

HOW UNFORTUNATE! THAT MISCHIEVOUS SPRITE WILL SPOIL THE CHRISTMAS OF ALL THE CHILDREN OF ST. NICHOLAS FOREST!

WELL, NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO FIND SOME HOSPITABLE PERSON TO GIVE ME SHELTER FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT.

THERE'S A LIGHT NOW!

MY SAKE'S WHOEVER LIVES HERE? TOO SMALL FOR ME TO ENTER, BUT I'LL KNOCK AND ASK DIRECTIONS TO THE NEAREST SHELTER.

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! AN ELF! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, YOURSELF! COME IN! COME IN!

COME IN? HO-HO-HO-HO!
COME IN! WHY, I'D BREAK
YOUR HOUSE DOWN IF
I TRIED TO ENTER!

YOU'LL FIT IN
ALL RIGHT... JUST
GET THROUGH
THE DOORWAY!

ALLRIGHTY
NOW, YOU
FELLOWS
IN THERE,
PULL ON
HIS BEARD
AGAIN.



FOLKS IN HERE ALL
WANT TO KNOW
WHO YOU ARE-
WHO ARE YOU?

YOU MEAN YOU
DON'T KNOW
EITHER?

WHY, OF COURSE, I KNOW!
BUT I'M AMAZED THAT YOU
DON'T! I'M SANTA CLAUS!

WHO AM I!?



HAHAHAHA HA HA!
HE SAYS HE'S SANTA CLAUS!

HE HASN'T EVEN A
BAG OF GIFTS!

AND REINDEER?

WHERE'S
HIS SLEIGH!

LOOK HERE, YOU
LITTLE RASCALS,
I AM SANTA
CLAUS! I CAN
EVEN TELL YOU
WHAT YOU GOT
FOR CHRISTMAS
LAST YEAR!

WHY, OF COURSE YOU
CAN! EVERYBODY
KNOWS WE GET
CLOTHES EVERY
CHRISTMAS - NOW
BE QUIET! WE ARE
WAITING FOR
SANTA CLAUS.



AND IN CASE YOU DIDN'T
KNOW, SANTA ALWAYS
COMES BY SLEIGH - HIS
REINDEER ALWAYS MAKE
A HUGE CLATTER ON
THE ROOF...

YES, AN' THEN HE
FALLS DOWN THE
CHIMNEY, KNOCKS
OVER THE CHRIST-
MAS TREE AN'
LEAVES A FEW
PRESENTS...

AN' GOES OFF
FEELING VERY,
VERY PROUD
OF HIMSELF.



SAY, YOU LITTLE FUDDY-DUO,
HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU
SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

YOU OLD, NOW
RASCAL, NOW!
I KNOW YOU!
YOU'RE BUNDLE-
CRUNCH! YOU'VE
BEEN SPOOFING ME!

WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE,
SANTA?



BUNDLECRUNCH,
I'M IN TROUBLE.

JUST A MINUTE, SANTA—
YOU THERE, NIBBLENOSE!
FETCH SANTA A SCUTTLE
OF TEA, AND A CAKE.

A WHOLE CAKE?

I LEFT IN THE
COAL SHOVEL
SO'S HE COULD
STIR IT.

OF COURSE
A WHOLE
CAKE, AND MIND
YOU TAKE THE
COAL OUT OF
THE SCUTTLE.



JACK FROST STOLE MY SLEIGH
AND REINDEER—AS A LARK,
OF COURSE... I'LL GET 'EM
BACK—BUT THE GIFTS FOR
THE CHILDREN OF ST.
NICHOLAS FOREST WERE
IN THE SLEIGH.

AN' THAT MEANS
THERE'LL BE A LOT
OF DISAPPOINTED
CHILDREN IN THE
FOREST COME
TOMORROW
MORN—EH?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND
IT'LL BE THE FIRST
TIME IN 25,000 YEARS
OR THEREABOUTS.

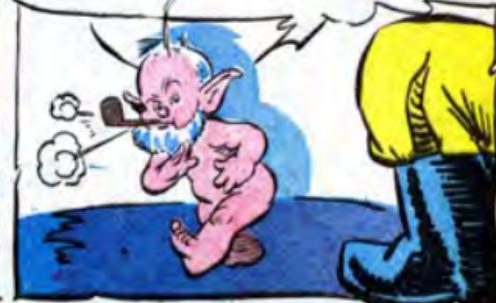


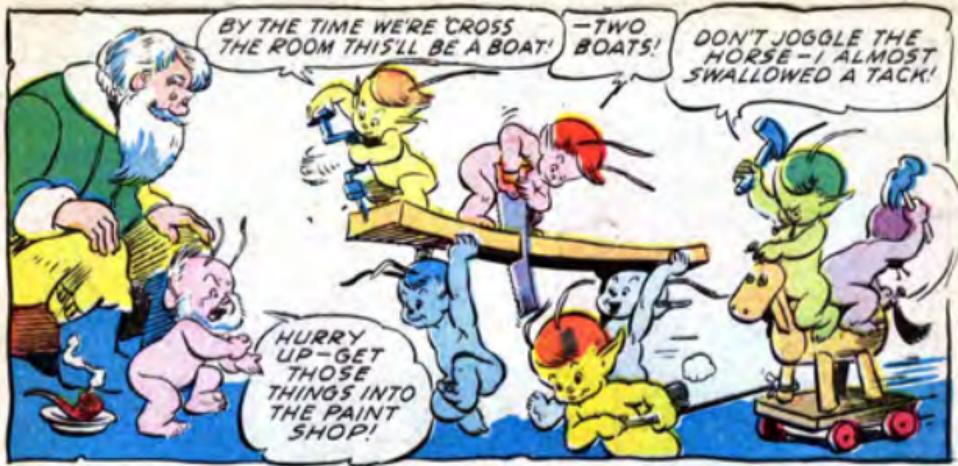
I GUESS WE CAN FIX
THAT UP SOMEHOW,
SANTA—WE'RE
PRETTY GOOD WORK-
MEN, WE ELVES—
WE'LL HAVE TOYS
BY MORNING!

I KNEW YOU'D
BE TOUCHED BY
SYMPATHY FOR
THE CHILDREN!



HUMPH! I'M NOT SENTIMENTAL,
BUT CAN YOU IMAGINE THE
RACKET IN THE FOREST TOMORROW
WHEN THE CHILDREN ALL START
SCREAMING WHEN THEY FIND
EMPTY STOCKINGS?





MY SAKES, THEY MUST HAVE FOUND THESE SHEARS IN AN OLD WELL, THEY'RE SO RUSTY! BUT THEY'LL DO.

WISH NOW I'D TAKEN LESSONS FROM A SEAMSTRESS INSTEAD OF THOSE VIOLIN LESSONS WHEN I WAS A BOY.



GOT A FEW DONE—BUT MY SAKES ALIVE, I'M TIRED! I'LL JUST SNOOZE A MINUTE...



LOOK—OL' SANTA'S BEEN TRYING TO MAKE CLOTHES FOR US—AND OUT OF HIS OWN, TOO!



HE, HE, HE! LOOK AT 'EM! WHO COULD WEAR THESE THINGS?

I KNOW!... THE THING FOR US TO DO IS TO QUICK MAKE OUR OWN CLOTHES WHILE HE'S ASLEEP... HE'LL WAKE UP AND THINK HE DID IT!

I'LL RUN AN' GET THE OTHERS... THEY'RE FINISHED WITH THE TOYS.



AND IN A LITTLE WHILE...

WAKE UP,
SANTA!

UM-UH-I-AH-
MMPH...WHAT-
SMOP!

COME ON, IT'S ALMOST
CHRISTMAS MORNING.
AN' YOU'VE GOT TO
DELIVER A PACK
OF TOYS!

CRACK!

YEOWTCH!
WHO LOWERED
THE CEILING?

PERHAPS YOU'VE
EVEN FORGOTTEN
YOU MADE US
THESE CLOTHES
OUT OF YOUR
OWN—THANKS,
SANTA!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL!
I DID A PRETTY FAIR
JOB, DIDN'T I?

YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN
WHERE YOU
ARE.

WE SURE
DID—I
MEAN YOU
DID!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
I NEVER MADE EVEN
A STITCH IN MY SIDE
BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

BUT!—I FORGOT!
I'LL HAVE NO
CLOTHES TO
WEAR WHEN
I DELIVER
THE TOYS
YOU'VE
MADE!

DON'T WORRY—A
FRIEND OF OURS
IS PASSING BY
IN A MINUTE, AN'

GO, PINKYWINK!
SEE IF HE'S
COMING BY.

WHY, HELLO THERE, PINKYWINK!

WELL, PINKYWINK—WHY DO YOU WANT
OL' TIMBERTOP, THE GIANT?

WE NEED YOUR COAT-TAIL FOR AN EMERGENCY... SANTA CLAUS IS DOWN THERE WITH NO CLOTHES!

STOP!
STOP!

GO AHEAD,
BUT TIMBERTOP
SAYS DON'T CUT
OFF MORE THAN
YOU NEED.

BUT I'M VERY MUCH ATTACHED
TO MY COAT TAIL.

IF YOU
EVER NEED
MY COAT
TAIL, IT'S
YOURS.

BUT MAYBE I
WON'T LOOK
GOOD IN
RED!

AW, EVERYBODY
LOOKS GOOD IN
RED—BESIDES,
YOU'LL LOOK
BETTER IN
RED THAN
YOU WILL IN
NOTHING.

YOU CAN HELP
SANTA DELIVER TH
TOYS, TIMBERTOP!
HIS REINDEER
ARE STOLEN.



WELL, AT LEAST
MY OLD HAT
MATCHES IT...
DOES IT
FIT WELL?
PERFECTLY!!

WHY, SANTA, IT'S
THE PERFECT
COSTUME FOR
YOU—NEVER SAW
YOU LOOK
BETTER IN
MY LIFE!

AND WHAT'S MORE, IF YOU
WEAR THAT KIND OF A
SUIT, PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE,
REINDEERS
OR NO
REINDEERS!



MERRY
CHRISTMAS TO
YOU, EVERY ONE!

THANKS, BUNDLECRUNCH, YOU
ELVES HAVE SAVED THE DAY!
AND I'LL TAKE YOUR
ADVICE—I'LL ALWAYS
WEAR THE RED SUIT!

GOOD LUCK,
SANTA...TIMBERTOP
WILL GET YOU
AROUND IN
A JIFFY!



The Night Before Christmas



Was the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not
even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the
chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon
would be there.



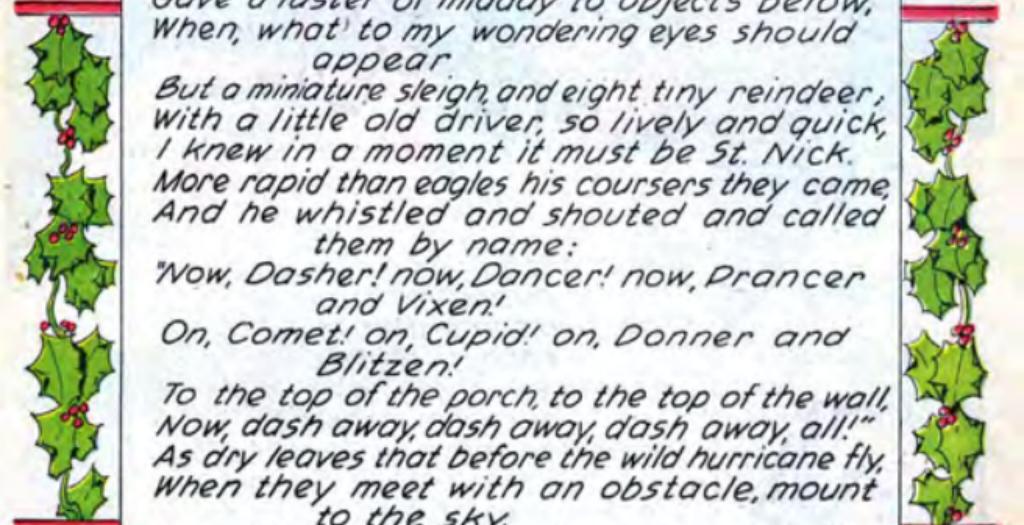
The children were nestled all
snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums
danced in their heads,
And Mamma in her kerchief and
I in my cap
Had just settled down for a long
winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose
such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what
was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like
a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw
up the sash.





The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer
and Vixen!"
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.





And then, in a twinkling, I
heard on the roof -
The prancing and pawing of
each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was
turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from
his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had
flung on his back,





And he looked like a peddler
just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his
dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his
nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn
up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was
as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held
tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled
his head like a wreath.





He had a broad face and a
little round belly
That shook when he laughed
like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a
right jolly old elf.



And I laughed when I saw
him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a
twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had
nothing to dread.



He spoke not a word, but
went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then
turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside
of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the
chimney he rose.



He sprang to his sleigh, to his
team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like
the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere
he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and
to all a good night."



Away in a Manger



1. A-way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The
2. The cat-tle are low-ing, the poor Ba-by wakes, But
3. Be near me, Lord Je-sus, I ask Thee to stay, Close

lit - tie Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The
lit - tie Lord Je - sus no cry - ing He makes, I
by me for ev - er, and love me, I pray; Bless





stars in the sky — Looked down where He lay, The
 love Thee, Lord Je-sus! Look down from the sky,
 all the dear chil-dren in Thy ten-der care, And

 lit-tle Lord Je-sus, A-sleep on the hay.
 stay by my cra-die, Till morn-ing is nigh.
 take us to heav-en, To live with Thine there.



The Miracle in the Wildwood

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BENN, TWO KNIGHTS MET IN FURIOUS COMBAT. EACH CLAIMED THE VILLAGE AS A PART OF HIS OWN LANDS — AND FIERCELY HATED HIS NEIGHBOR.



THE VILLAGERS THEMSELVES TOOK SIDES.



THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



BRUISED AND BITTER, THE TWO KNIGHTS
RODE AWAY TO THEIR CASTLES.

DIVIDE THE VILLAGE—
GOD FORBID! BUT I
FEAR THAT IS WHAT
THEY'LL DO.



YOUNG BROTHER FRANCIS WAS RIGHT...
IN THE VILLAGE, RIVALRY AND QUARRELING
TOOK THE PLACE OF CHURCH-GOING.

SOON NO ONE BUT A FEW OLD
WOMEN AND CHILDREN CAME TO THE
LITTLE CHAPEL IN THE WILDWOOD.



BUT AFTER A WHILE THEY STAYED AWAY
ALSO. AT LAST, ONLY THE YOUNG
PRIEST REMAINED TO PRAY BEFORE
THE SHRINE OF THE HOLY FAMILY.



THE PEOPLE OF BENN SPENT THEIR
SUNDAYS DRINKING AND QUARRELLING,

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



WHILE THEIR CHILDREN GOT INTO MISCHIEF...



OR FOUGHT AMONG THEMSELVES.



FIFTY YEARS ROLLED BY OVER THE VILLAGE OF BENN. SIR KARL AND SIR BORIS DIED, LEAVING THEIR SONS AND GRANDSONS TO CARRY ON THE OLD ENMITY.



BROTHER FRANCIS, AN OLD PRIEST NOW, STILL KEPT THE EMPTY CHAPEL IN THE WILDWOOD.



ONE MORNING HE PRAYED WITH AN ACHING HEART FOR A MIRACLE TO BRING BACK HIS LOST FLOCK.



HE DECIDED TO GO ONCE MORE AND PLEAD WITH THE PEOPLE OF BENN.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



BY THE ROAD THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE WERE HAVING A BITTER SNOW BATTLE



A HARD THROWN ICE-BALL STRIKES ITS MARK.



AH, FOOSH TO YOU, YOU CRAZY OLD GOAT!



IN THE VILLAGE HE SAW A CROWD.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



WITH CRUEL LAUGHTER THEY WERE SETTING
A FIERCE DOG ON A CAPTIVE BEAR.



BEGONE,
YOU OLD
LOON!
AND DON'T BOTHER
US AGAIN, OR IT
WILL BE WORSE
FOR YOU!



SADLY BROTHER FRANCIS
RETURNED TO HIS FORGOTTEN
CHAPEL TO EASE HIS SORROW
WITH PRAYER.



I HAVE PRAYED FOR A
MIRACLE WHAT CAN
BE THE ANSWER?



TIRED OF THEIR SNOW BATTLE, THE
VILLAGE YOUNGSTERS WERE
WATCHING A DOGFIGHT

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



THEY NEVER NOTICED THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGER BOY, UNTIL THE DOGS SPRANG APART.



WITH WAGGING TAILS THE BRUTES FAWNED AT HIS FEET.



THE VILLAGE BOYS WERE FURIOUS.



BUT THE STRANGER TURNED AND LOOKED AT THEM, UNAFRAID.



A STRANGE SPELL FELL UPON EVERYONE... THE SNOWBALLS DROPPED FROM THEIR HANDS.



THE STRANGER MOVED SLOWLY AWAY, AND THE CHILDREN FOLLOWED... INSTEAD OF SCOWLING, THEY SMILED AT ONE ANOTHER.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



NO ONE HAD THE POWER
TO STAY BEHIND



WITH A CLATTER OF PONY HOOFs, SIR
BORIS' GRANDSONS RACED DOWN THE
ROAD IN PURSUIT OF LITTLE KARL THE III.



LOOK! KARL WILL
ESCAPE US IN
THAT CROWD OF
VILLAGE BRATS.

NO, HE WON'T—WE'LL
RIDE DOWN ANYONE
THAT'S IN OUR WAY.



TO THE BOYS' AMAZEMENT THEIR
THREE PONIES STOPPED SHORT
BEFORE THE SMILING STRANGER.



SOMEHOW, THEY
JUST COULDN'T
HELP SMILING BACK.



ONE YOUNG NOBLEMAN
OFFERED HIS PONY—BUT
THE STRANGER YOUTH PASSED
ON WITH A FRIENDLY NOD



THEIR HATRED FORGOTTEN,
THE SMALL GRANDSONS OF
KARL AND BORIS JOINED
THE HAPPY CROWD.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



STRAIGHT INTO THE WILDWOOD
WENT THE PROCESSION.



BUT NO PATH OR FOOTPRINT
REMAINED BEHIND TO SHOW
WHERE THEY HAD GONE.



BEFORE THE FEET OF THE STRANGER
BOY, FLOWERS SPRANG UP
THROUGH THE SNOW.



AND THE TIMID WILDWOOD CREATURES
VENTURED OUT TO GREET HIM.



WOOD DOVES, THRUSHES, AND
SPARROWS CAME FEARLESSLY
TO THE CHILDREN'S CALL.



IN THE VILLAGE THE STREETS WERE
NOW EMPTY..THE BEAR-BAITERS HAD
GONE HOME.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD

WHERE CAN THOSE BRATS OF OURS BE? THE DINNER IS READY.

STRANGE THAT THEY'RE NOT HERE YELLING FOR IT... I'LL LOOK OUTSIDE.



NO SIGN OF THEM! THE STREET'S EMPTY—AND QUIET AS A TOMB!



OUR CHILDREN— WHERE ARE THEY? DO YOU KNOW?

NO—AND I DON'T CARE! WE ARE LOOKING FOR OUR OWN YOUNG ONES.



PERHAPS THEY'RE STILL FIGHTING IN THEIR SNOW-FORTS—COME, WIFE, AND WE'LL SEE.



THE SNOW-FORTS ARE EMPTY! WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED?



DOWN THE ROAD FROM HIS CASTLE THUNDERED THE YOUNG SIR BORIS

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD

SPEAK UP KNAVES - ALAS, SIR BORIS!
HAVE YOU SEEN MY OUR OWN CHILDREN
SONS? THEIR PONIES HAVE VANISHED!
CAME HOME WITHOUT THEM!

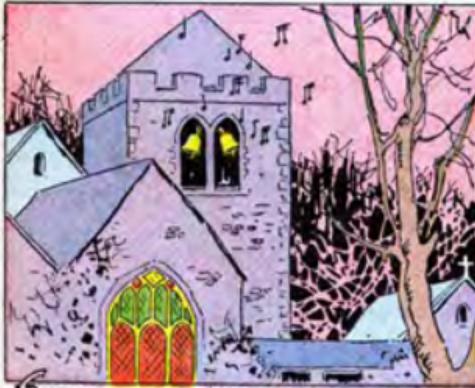
OUR OWN CHILDREN
HAVE VANISHED!

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT CHILDREN
VANISHING? WHERE'S MY
LITTLE BOY?



IT'S WITCHCRAFT, NOBLE SIRS!
OUR CHILDREN ARE LOST
FOREVER!

HARK! WHAT IS THAT
SOUND? I NEVER
HEARD THE LIKE
OF IT!



SWEET ON THE WINTRY AIR FLOATED
THE PEAL OF DISTANT BELLS



I KNOW! I REMEMBER THAT
SOUND FROM FIFTY YEARS AGO -
IT'S THE CHIMES OF THE
OLD CHAPEL IN THE
WILDWOOD.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD

THE CHAPEL, EH? THEN THE
CRAZY OLD HERMIT PRIEST IS
THE ONE WHO'S BEWITCHED
OUR CHILDREN.



NO DOUBT HE'S LED
THEM OUT IN THE
FOREST TO DIE
OF COLD.

IF HE HAS, HE'LL DIE
OF COLD STEEL, I
SWEAR IT!



THEY REACHED THE CHAPEL, TO
HALT IN DUMB ASTONISHMENT.

WELCOME, MY FRIENDS! TRULY
YOUR LITTLE ONES / A MIR-
WILL TELL YOU OF ACLE IT MUST
THE MIRACLE / HAVE BEEN!



IN THE CHOIR STALLS STOOD ALL
THE CHILDREN, SINGING LIKE
ANGELS, WEARING THE VESTMENTS
OF FIFTY YEARS BEFORE.

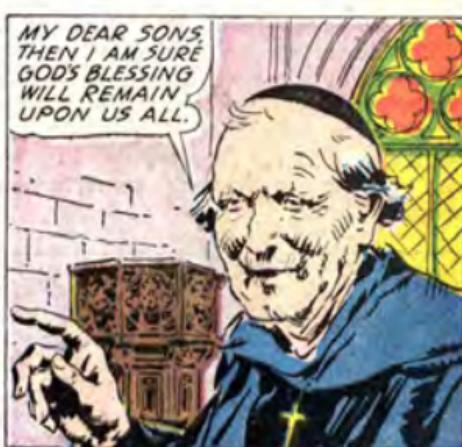


JOY MELTED THE HEART
OF EVERY PARENT AT
THE CHILDREN'S MERRY
GREETING.



IT WAS THE
STRANGER BOY.
HE LED US HERE,
AND WE HAD NO
POWER TO BE
ANGRY—AND
THEN AT THE
CHAPEL DOOR
HE DISAPPEARED.

THE MIRACLE IN THE WILDWOOD



AND THE JOYOUS SMILE HAS NEVER LEFT THE RADIANT FACE OF THE CHILD JESUS. EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS OF VISITORS COME TO THE CHAPEL IN THE WILDWOOD TO PRAY AND SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE MIRACLE HAPPENED SO LONG AGO.

The Little FIR TREE

A long time ago deep in a forest there grew a pretty little fir tree. It was pleasant in the wood, there were other plants and small bushes to talk to . . . the birds and animals of the forest were always kindly . . . but the little Fir Tree was not happy.

The Fir Tree could think of nothing but how wonderful it would be to grow into a towering tree.

One day some woodsmen came and cut down several of the huge straight firs that had stretched high into the sky and the little Fir Tree trembled for he had not known that men came to hew the tall timber.



The West Wind soothed him, telling him how the firs would be trimmed and sent down the river to a seaport, there to become the masts of great ships that sailed the seven seas.

Then the little Fir Tree was all impatience, he wanted so to be a tall fir and to be made into a proud ship's mast.

The Summer passed and soon the Autumn was gone. Winter's winds grew sharper and colder as the days went on. The little Fir Tree huddled by himself and felt miserable.

Snow lay deep around the Fir one day when he heard voices near by. It was a group of men and boys come to gather Christmas Trees for the holiday season.



The little Fir Tree asked a Chickadee why the people were cutting Christmas Trees.

"To be a Christmas Tree," said the bird, "must be the most wonderful thing in the world."

But just as the Tree was about to ask for more explanation, a man stopped by the little Fir and cried, "Here is the finest Christmas Tree I have ever seen." And with that he cut down the little Fir Tree and placed it on the sleigh.

The sleigh went into town and the first customer that saw the trees selected the little Fir. He was truly a fine tree and he felt very proud.



"I wonder what it means to be a Christmas Tree," the Fir thought to himself. He was not long in learning. The fat old man who bought the Tree built a little wooden base. The man's wife draped the base with cloth; everybody in the house made some trinket or other to hang upon the tree. Then the tree was carried into a bright warm room and placed in a position of honor.

When at last the Tree was ready, the doors to the room were thrown open and in rushed the children. They danced and sang around the Tree. The little Fir swelled in pride and happiness for he was trimmed with the gayest, prettiest, brightest trimmings in all the world.



The stout old gentleman sat with the children alongside the pleased little Fir Tree and told a happy story about Humpty Dumpty and the Queen of Spain. Everybody laughed and the Fir had all he could do to keep from joining in.

The holidays passed all too quickly. One afternoon the housemaid came and with many a groan at the tedious job took all the trimmings from the little Fir Tree, picked him up bodily, and very clumsily threw him down the cellar stair.

The little Fir Tree was a bit hurt and quite welcomed the attentions of several inquisitive mice who poked their

noses at him. "Where did YOU come from?" they squeaked.

"Where AM I?" asked the Fir in reply, "THAT'S more important to me."

"You're down in the cellar with all the rest of the discards," answered the mice. "Do you know any stories? It's very dull down here."

So the Fir Tree told with great relish how wonderful it had been to be a Christmas Tree. Then he told the story of Humpty Dumpty and the Queen of Spain. The mice were quite delighted.

Just then old Grandfather Rat stumped by and asked what all the squeaking and giggling was about. "Tell HIM the stories!" urged the mice.





The little Fir Tree did. But the Rat was a tired old fellow and the stories didn't interest him at all.



"MMMMPh," he sniffed, "don't you know any stories about cheese, or hams... or even eggs?"

The Fir Tree said he did not and started happily on the story about Humpty Dumpty all over again.



Old Rat left in a grumpy sort of manner and the little mice, not to be outdone, also left in a huff for Grandfather Rat sort of set the style for life in the cellar.



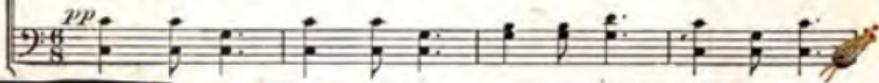
The little Fir Tree grunted to himself and thought, "If they don't know two good stories when they hear them, I can't say much for the folk hereabouts. I can just see those bonbons and caramels, those candles and tinsel stars... I can hear the singing and the laughter... Mine has certainly been a full life... yes, indeed... I'm glad I never became the mast of a ship, what a dull life!... And that story about Humpty Dumpty is the funniest one I EVER heard in my life."

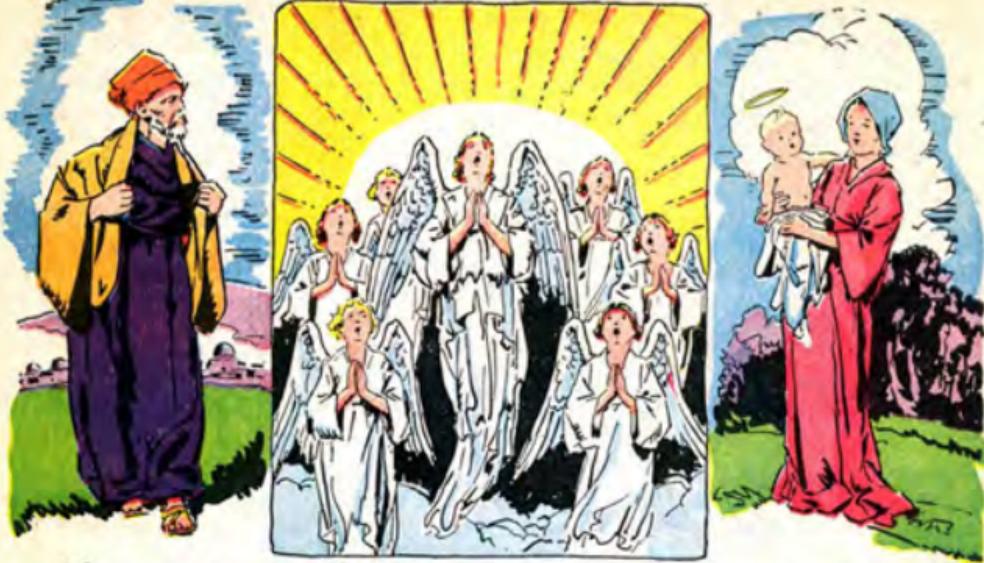
Of course it was the ONLY story he had ever heard, but it satisfied the little Fir Tree... and so did the memories of his brief career as a Christmas Tree. So dreaming of the gayety and warmth he had once known, the little Fir Tree fell fast asleep... and who knows, he may be sleeping down in that cellar to this very day!

Silent Night



1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright,
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight,
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

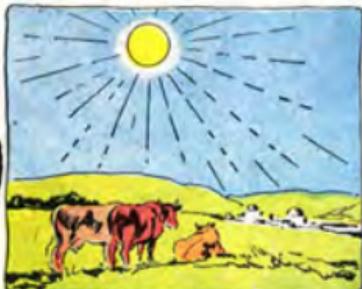




'Round you Vir - gin Moth - er and Child Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav - enly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grac -



Sleep in heav - en ly peace, — Sleep in heav - en ly peace, —
 Christ the Sa - vior is born, — Christ the Sa - vior is born, —
 Je - sus,Lord, at Thy birth, — Je - sus,Lord, at Thy birth, —



The WONDERFUL JOURNEY of little CHRIS KYO

LITTLE CHRIS KYO LIVED IN LAPLAND,
ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE... ON
CHRISTMAS EVE HE AND HIS BIG REINDEER, JOKI,
WERE HAULING FIREWOOD TO KEEP THE FAMILY WARM.

THIS IS OUR LAST LOAD TONIGHT,
JKOI... WHEN WE GET HOME
I'LL ASK MOTHER TO GIVE
YOU A TASTE
OF THE
CHRISTMAS
PUDDING.

NOW,
JKOI,
PULL!



JKOI LEANED SLOWLY
AGAINST THE HARNESS...
HE KNEW THE LEATHER
TRACE WAS OLD AND POOR.



FOR THE THIRD
TIME THAT DAY
IT BROKE.

THERE'S NO USE
TRYING TO MEND
IT WITHOUT
SOME NEW
LEATHER.



WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE
THE LOAD HERE, AND
HURRY HOME... IT'S
GOING TO SNOW
HARD.



I'M AFRAID WE'RE LOST,
JOKI! I CAN'T SEE WHERE
WE'RE GOING.



OH! WHAT DID WE
BUMP
INTO?



IT'S A SLEIGH—AND
REINDEER! BUT
WHERE'S THE
DRIVER?
HI-OH,
THERE!



HELLO, LITTLE
MAN! HAVE
YOU LOST
YOUR WAY?

SAN-SANTA
CLAUS!
YOU ARE
SANTA—
AREN'T
YOU?



OF COURSE...BUT I DON'T
WONDER YOU'RE
SURPRISED TO FIND
ME HERE. TRUTH IS,
I'M IN A BIT OF
TROUBLE.



YOU SEE VIXEN, MY
LADY REINDEER,
KICKED OVER THE
TRACES AND
SPRAINED
HER LEG.

SAY,
THAT'S
TOO BAD,
SANTA!



I'VE BANDAGED HER AND MADE
HER COMFORTABLE - BUT
I'LL NEVER MAKE A TRIP
AROUND THE WORLD
TONIGHT WITH ONE
REINDEER MISSING!

SANTA!
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA-



WHY COULDN'T
YOU USE MY
JOKI? I'D LEND
HIM TO YOU
JUST FOR
TONIGHT.

THANK YOU,
CHRIS KYO!
BUT NO
ORDINARY
REINDEER
COULD
POSSIBLY
KEEP UP
WITH MY
TEAM!



I KNOW - BUT JOKI IS THE
CLEVEREST, FASTEST,
STRONGEST REINDEER
IN LAPLAND!
I'LL SHOW
YOU!



HE CAN JUMP AS IF HE HAD
WINGS ON HIS FEET
WATCH HIM—



ASTONISHING!



NOW, JOKI,
SHAKE
HANDS!

WHY, BLESS
MY SOUL! HE'S
A TRICK
REINDEER,
TOO!



WE'LL TRY HIM IN VIXEN'S
HARNESS, CHRIS.
PERHAPS I SHALL
MAKE MY VISITS
TONIGHT,
AFTER ALL!

I'LL
STAY
HERE
WITH
VIXEN,
IF YOU
LIKE.



THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY. VIXEN IS
QUITE COMFORTABLE.



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE
TO MAKE THE TRIP
AROUND THE
WORLD WITH
ME?

OH, SANTA—
WOULD
I?



THEN, HERE WE GO! UP, PRANCER,
UP, DANCER! ON, JOKI
AND BLITZEN!



IT'S WONDERFUL—
LOOKING DOWN
ON THE WORLD
FROM
HERE!

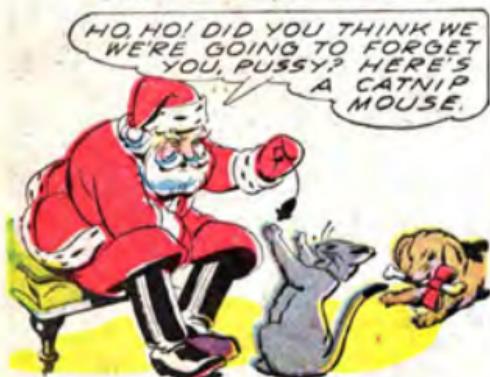


HIGH ABOVE THE SNOW
CLOUDS, SANTA'S SLEIGH
FLEW FASTER THAN THE WIND.



THE CITY OF LONDON—
WE'RE OVER
IT NOW.

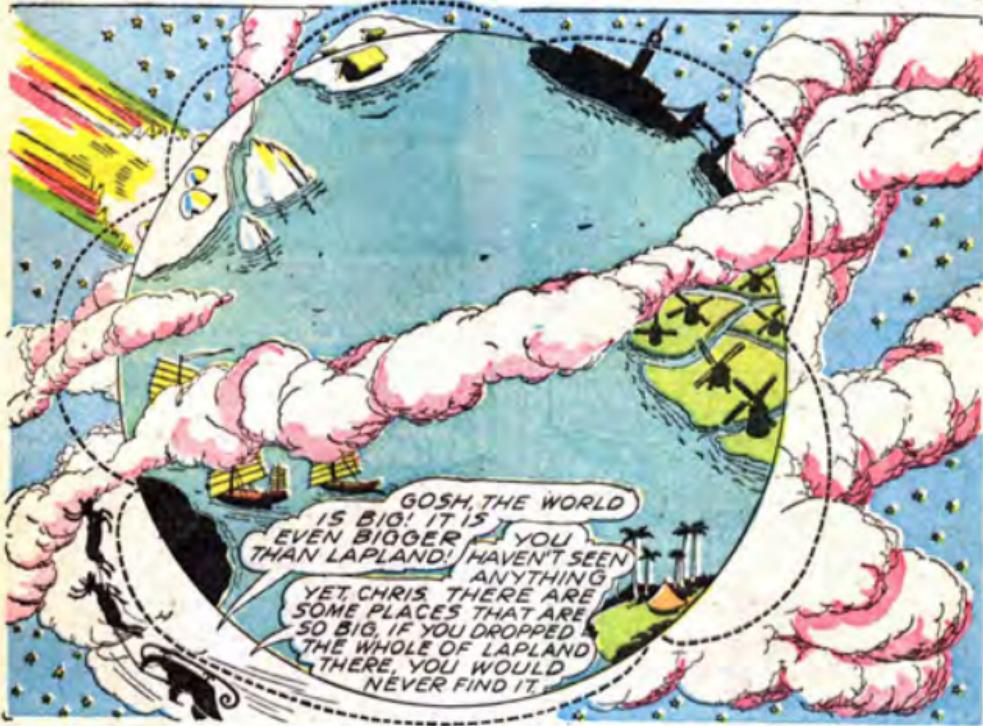




HURRY, CHRIS, MY BOY! WE'VE A THOUSAND OTHER CALLS TO MAKE.

COMING, SANTA!

LONDON TOWN IS BEHIND US-NEXT STOP IS IN EUROPE



THIS MUST BE HOLLAND--WITH ALL THE CANALS AND WINDMILLS.



YES, THIS IS HOLLAND, WHERE THE CHILDREN LEAVE HAY IN THEIR SHOES FOR MY REINDEER.



I PUT TOYS AND SUGARPLUMS
IN THE SHOES OF THE GOOD
CHILDREN...BUT BAD ONES
GET SWITCHES
INSTEAD.



THINK OF IT, JOKI — A
LAPLAND REINDEER
EATING HAY IN HOLLAND!
IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE.



AND NOW
FOR
AFRICA!



THROUGH THE
HOT, TROPIC NIGHT
SANTA'S SLEIGH SWOOPS
DOWN TO A CONGO VILLAGE.

LISTEN, SANTA!
I HEAR
MUSIC.



THEY'RE SINGING
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.
IS THIS A
CHURCH?

YES...
LOOK
DOWN
THROUGH
THE THATCH.



O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL...
O COME YE TO
BETHLEHEM!



SANTA, WHERE WILL YOU
LEAVE THEIR PRESENTS?
THEY DON'T WEAR
ANY SHOES OR
STOCKINGS.



I'LL SHOW YOU... THESE
LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS
HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE
FOR MY GIFTS.



SEE?
COCONUT
SHELLS!

THEY'RE JUST AS
GOOD AS
WOODEN
SHOES!



FOR ANNIE M'BOMA
A LARGE STRING
OF BEADS... AND FOR
SAMBO N'TUMBO A
MOUTH ORGAN...

I HAVE
'EM—
RIGHT
HERE.



SH-H-H-H!



DO YOU WANT
EVERYBODY TO
RUN IN HERE AND
CATCH US AT
WORK?

AW, SANTA,
I WAS
JUST
TRYING
IT OUT.



UP, DASHER! UP, COMET!
NOW, DASH
AWAY
ALL!



I'LL JUST TAKE ONE
PALM LEAF—FOR A
SOUVENIR!



IN A FEW MINUTES
THEY WERE NEARING A STORM-
TOSSSED SHIP ON A STRANGE SEA.





YOU TAKEE MY CHOPSTICKS TO 'MEMBER ME BY, LIL' CLIS!

THANK YOU-A THOUSAND TIMES, MR WONG!



IS THIS AN ESKIMO CHIMNEY LYING ON IT'S SIDE?



WE'LL LEAVE THEIR GIFTS IN THE ENTRANCE - PRETTY MUKLUKS FOR LITTLE NIKLAK, A WARM PARKA FOR ITOKU, AN IVORY BEAR FOR OLD TUMITUK...



BUT, SANTA, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING VIXEN'S HARNESS ON JOKI, ARE YOU?

WHY NOT? HE EARNED IT.



JUST BEFORE DAYLIGHT THE REINDEER BELLS JINGLE OVER AN ESKIMO VILLAGE



AND HERE IS YOUR REWARD, CHRIS KYO, FOR ALL YOUR HELP TO OLD SANTA CLAUS.



GOOD-BYE—AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!



CHRIS, MY SON,
WHERE HAVE YOU
BEEN? I HAVEN'T
SLEPT ALL NIGHT
FOR WORRYING...

I'VE BEEN
AROUND THE
WORLD
WITH
SANTA,
MOTHER.



GOOD MORNING,
TINA—AND KITI!
HOW DO YOU
LIKE JOKI'S
NEW RED
HARNESSES?

DID SANTA
CLAUS
REALLY
GIVE IT
TO HIM?



YES—AND HE GAVE ME THIS
WHOLE BAGFUL OF
PRESENTS FOR
MY LITTLE
SISTERS.



AND THIS WARM
COAT MUST
BE FOR YOU,
MOTHER.

CHRIS!
I STILL
CAN'T
BELIEVE
ALL THESE
THINGS
ARE
REAL!



THEY'RE REAL, ALL RIGHT!
SEE—HERE'S A HOLLY LEAF
FROM LONDON, A PALM LEAF
FROM AFRICA, AND A
PAIR OF CHOP
STICKS A CHINESE
GAVE ME...



I GUESS THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH
THAT JOKI AND I ARE
THE FIRST ONES TO
VISIT THE WHOLE
WORLD ON
CHRISTMAS
EVE WITH
SANTA
CLAUS!





Why do the bells of
Christmas ring?

Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar;
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillofed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas
ring.
Therefore little children sing.





Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh.
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

